

# **MATTIE AND THE PEARL**

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Mattie and the Pearl by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

**MATTIE AND  
THE PEARL**



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MATTIE AND THE "PEARL"

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MATTIE'S INTRODUCTION TO HER COUSINS.

# MATTIE AND THE PEARL.



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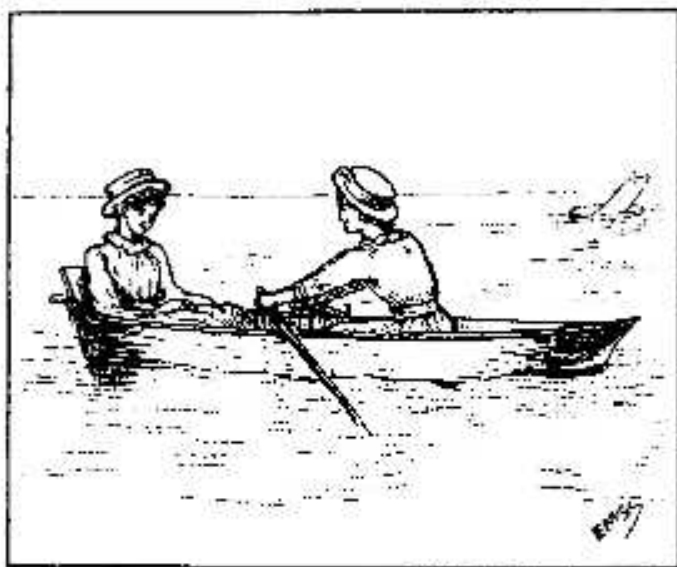
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## MATTIE AND THE "PEARL."

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**R**UTH HAMILTON and Mattie Wilson sat looking out over the sea on a bench under an oak tree at Sea Field. Their arms were round each other's waist, as is not unfrequently the fashion with girls of twelve years of age. Ruth was the daughter of the rector of Buckering, and was spending the day at Sea Field with her friend and neighbour Mattie.

"Here is mother!" cried Mattie, as a lady, knit-

ting in hand, advanced towards them. "I am sure she is going to ask you now."

"Ruth, my dear, I hope your father will allow you to come over very often to spend a day with my poor Mattie while I am away. She will be quite a lonely little maiden here at Sea Field, in the long evenings after her daily governess has gone," said Mrs. Wilson, as she took her seat beside the girls.

Ruth was apparently quite prepared for the question. "Thank you, Mrs. Wilson," she said unaffectedly. "I am sure he will; papa likes me to be with Mattie whenever I can."

Mrs. Wilson looked pleased. It made her glad to think that Mattie was appreciated and loved by so good a little girl as every one knew Ruth Hamilton to be. "Mattie will never learn any harm from Ruth," she thought, as she looked into the clear brown eyes of the rector's daughter.

"May we tell Ruth about the boat, mamma?" asked Mattie; and then, afraid she had been indiscreet, she blushed till a brilliant scarlet suffused her round cheeks.

"Well, I think Ruth may be intrusted with that secret," said Mrs. Wilson with a laugh. "The fact is, Ruth, we want to have a great surprise for Jem when he comes home at midsummer. You

know his birthday comes in July, and we have had a little punt made for him, in which he can row himself about or go fishing, and perhaps take you and Mattie sometimes."

"She is painted as white as snow, and is called the *Pearl*!" interrupted Mattie with enthusiasm.

"How lovely!" cried Ruth. "How delightful! May I see her?"

"May she, mother?" asked Mattie.

"To be sure she may, my dear; but only through the gate."

The *Pearl* was safely locked up in the pretty boat-house that stood at the foot of Mr. Wilson's lawn. And thither the little party repaired to inspect her.

"What a beauty!" cried Ruth.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Wilson. "And do you know, I am so afraid of any one meddling with her, or allowing her to get rubbed or soiled before Jem sees her, that I have told Mattie she must keep the key of the boat-house herself, locked up in her work-box, all the six weeks that Mr. Wilson and I must be absent from home."

"It will be like Bluebeard's chamber," laughed Ruth.

"Truly I hope not," answered Mrs. Wilson with a smile. "But I can tell you Mattie will be a